


LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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So runs the author's first sentence and it pursues forward a large chain which is not altogether made good at which, through text and numerous illustrations, raises many interesting points. The argument rests upon three Bibles executed at Mainz, two manuscript—one of them taken in 1452 and 1453 by the scribe Conrad and the Sebode copy of the forty-two-line Bible. All three contain borders or decorations of high quality, which may fairly be attributed to the same illuminator, and their birds and beasts clearly have a close connexion with the work of the Master of the Playing Cards, who is accepted as the earliest master of the art of copper engraving. (Incidentally, the fact that the manuscript, the engravings

Gutenberg had at this date returned from Strasbourg to Mainz and may well have known both the illuminator and the master engraver, but this is surely as far as we can go. The author suggests that he was reaching out after a practical process of colour printing; this depends entirely on how much of his time and effort was absorbed in perfecting the art of printing with movable type, which is virtually impossible to estimate. A more tangible claim on Gutenberg's time was made by the errors which he and his Strasbourg printers made and his production of the *forty-niners*—mass-produced for the rich pilgrimages of 1440, and of which the author gives a very interesting account. Surviving specimens seem to be of blong metal tablets with a crude devotional design in relief centred upon a small convex mirror; these were used to reflect

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broke with his family, and took an attic room in the rue de l'Odéon. His first book, *Blériot*, based on his experiences in Tunisia, was written the same year, though it was not published till 1890. *Bat les coeurs!*, a novel about the Franco-Prussian

the literary elegance of his denunciations of contemporary French society. He was also that unusual being—a Frenchman who liked, and who under-

For Darien's vengeful aphorism

La Belle France, a bitterly violent pamphlet. His last novel in French, *L'Epaulette*—a second blast at the Army—appeared in 1901. He also wrote a novel, in a sort of English, that was published in London in 1900.

Darien is a poor novelist. His books are shapeless, repetitive and long-winded; and most of his characters are crude, grinning clowns—mere receptacles for the author's set pieces: the Deputy, the Minister, the Banker, the Officer, the Doctor, the Lawyer. *Le Voleur* is an allegory as naive and as far-fetched as *Les Mystères*; it is liberally sprinkled with fortuitous encounters that bring together, i

For Dariaen's vengeful aphorisms are dazzling fireworks of wit in the night sky. They mark their point with cruel eloquence. They might form an anthology of gallophobia sayings, late nineteenth-century *anti-Gal* directed primarily against the avid French bourgeoisie of the so-called *Belle Époque*, who were quite sordid, as depraved, as selfish, as contemptuous and as horrid as Dariaen and the great Steinlein, a Dariaen in life. He portrays them, *La Belle France* was published in 1900, the beginning of the *Musée Lavoisier* (see in *L'œuvre* under *Musée*), so familiar to generations of English schoolboys brought up on illustrated French textbooks, the middle-class house, with its towers and turrets, weathercock, gothic outside pipes, *cell de boue*, the French Primer house, the French Primer bandstand in the regimented park, the French Primer *Mairie*, fake Henri II that fearful, self-confident architect use of pretentious sham . . . stucco interiors, gilded luxuries with flowered bowls, no bathrooms, maid bedrooms in the fake Louis XIV windowed attics, with no wash-basins and no lights and no locks on

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GEORGES DARIEN: *Le Voleur*. 570pp.
9.25fr. *Bas les coeurs!* 332pp. 7.50fr.
La Belle France 305pp. 3fr. Paris
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Montmartre.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

SLAWOMIR MROZEK: *Six Plays*. Translated by Nicholas Bethell. 190pp. Cape. 35s.

It is more than ten years since Mr. Gomulka returned to power in Poland, and the prodigious burst of excellent writing and film-making that followed that event seems now to be over. There is little doubt that more fine work will come in due course, as the problems of life in a more settled—at present, perhaps, stagnant—socialist country become the preoccupations of a spirited rising generation. Meanwhile, in this country, we are becoming steadily better acquainted with the work that appeared so dramatically as the "period of errors and distortions" came to an end.

Slawomir Mrozek, in his exuberant way—so much more "typically" Polish than the grave, meditative note of the most remarkable new Polish poets and novelists—probably did more than any other writer to enhance that sense of a new freedom that dominated Polish life in the late 1950s. A collection of his very short stories, *The Elephant*,

appeared in English in 1962 (and was reviewed here on November 23 of that year). Since then his latest play, *Tango*, has been performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company at the Aldwych, and now comes a collection of his other plays (some of them already broadcast). Mr. Mrozek still goes on contributing his column of inventive, subtly subversive cartoons to the weekly paper *Przekrój*; Eve saying to the serpent, as Adam turns his back, "He doesn't want an apple, he wants a beer"; or a man crawling through the desert, dying of thirst, towards a man sitting on a chair washing his feet in a basin of water (these just a few weeks ago). But he seems at the moment more a familiar part of the scene than a radical innovator.

The longest play in this volume is the one that made him famous in Poland, *The Police*, which was first performed in 1958. It tells the story of a country where the last prisoner

—an old revolutionary—signs the act of allegiance and is released, and a police-sergeant takes it on himself to go to jail in order to save the police force. The play goes at a crackling pace, and is bristling with invention, yet in a sense the invention was in the first and foremost of the Stalinist state. For all the lively scenes and situations are really based on the confusions over ends and means, the spurious appeals to idealism, the hypocritical confessions and self-deceptions that Poles had been watching and suffering under for ten years. Another excellent little play, *Out at Sea*, gives its audience the same kind of thing in even more concentrated form, and one can imagine the awe and delighted recognition with which many Poles must have greeted almost every line. It is about three smartly dressed men, sitting in chairs on a raft and disputing who shall be eaten now that the provisions are exhausted; and it contains the full repertoire of disingenuous exhortations and persuasive definitions, fizzing and exploding along like a line of gunpowder.

Medium Castaway (eagerly): "In all

my life I never met a better man." "I am Castaway." "We are happy that at last society can provide you with the chance to fulfil your pure, though hidden, longing: your yearning to be remembered by us as a man of modesty, loyalty, warm-hearted, delightful, accent."

Thin Castaway: "No! I don't want to."

Of the other plays in this volume, *The Martindon of Peter Olley* and *The Party* are the most interesting. The first draws its satire on the authorities, and on their bland reasoning, out of a fantastic incident more in the Lonesome vein, with a tiger taking up residence in the bathroom of a modest family home. But the wedding of the two genres is not completely satisfactory. *The Party* is wholly in the "absurd" tradition of sinister poetry except inasmuch as everything in Poland *limit on politics*: three young men break into an empty hall expecting to find a party going on there, and the reverberations of the non-event get steadily louder and more frightening. It is a very fast and very theatrical piece, as a visiting Polish

company showed London in a Theatre season two years ago.

But it may be wondered if the end of the short stories collected in *The Elephant* will not seem more of an achievement than the plays. For the plays with an over-political point have inevitably lost some of their freshness, and the stories, though no one could have said so, are better. The confusions and the crises in Polish life today are tougher treatment. Besides that, the stories have a subtler tone than the plays: their ironies flash and go in all directions, yet at the same time there is a gentler, sweeter mood. However, Mr. Mrozek, young still, *Tango*, showed his full of ideas, and even better, his may well be to come.

For the present volume the translation by Mr. Bethell is clear, fluent, though, of course, strictly comparable situations in recent history, we have not yet found tones to imitate exactly that of Mrozek had. It would also be useful to indicate which was written and first performed.

THE SINGER AND THE SONG

HAROLD ROSENTHAL: *Opera at Covent Garden. A Short History*. 192pp. Gollancz. 25s.

A short history, to be distinguished from the long history which Mr. Rosenthal published in 1958. That authoritative work of reference could not from the nature of the case provide the sharp focus which is needed for putting the new arrangements made after 1945 into historical perspective. So Mr. Rosenthal divides the two and a quarter centuries of opera in Covent Garden into three periods, which he designates as the reigns in succession of the singer, the conductor, and the producer. This last corresponds to the twenty-one years in which a subsidy has been available through the Arts Council, but other questions besides finance and stagecraft have exercised Sir David Webster and his colleagues—repertory versus *stagione*, original language versus vernacular, stage director versus musical director, resident company versus international stars and so on. It is important to view these lively controversies in historical perspective, since the one historical fact to emerge above all others from this hectic and chequered record is that opera has never been established in Britain as a national institution, nor has it developed "an indigenous style of opera giving", nor established a tradition of operatic composition.

For the first ten years of Sir David Webster's regime a serious attempt was made to accomplish precisely these objects after two centuries of failure. But in spite of the support of foreign musical directors for opera in English, English operas and an

all-the-year-round repertory, and in spite of the considerable success of the policy, the past ten years have seen a retreat to the older tradition, which in the past has always treated opera as something expensive and foreign to be imported as a luxury, not grown at home. Mr. Rosenthal, though he obviously has his own views on this major issue, presents the new arguments for the old policy, long-playing records in the original languages, modern singers' and conductors' reluctance to tie themselves to particular opera houses, and the greater awareness of stage production brought about by the cinema. In this last matter the excesses we have seen perpetrated by Salvador Dali, Peter Brook and Franco Zeffirelli represent a reaction from the tattered old scenery and the absence of anything more than a chalk mark put on the floor by a stage manager no longer ago than in Colonel Mustache Blois's time in the early 1930s. In this matter of the mutual adjustment of music and drama in music-drama Covent Garden has not succeeded so well as Glyndebourne. Then, too, although there is now a larger and better educated public for opera, the old superstition that opera is an Italian phenomenon is not dead: witness the lady who complained that *Der Rosenkavalier* was being sung in German instead of the proper operatic language.

Mr. Rosenthal writes with unique authority in virtue of his having been for some years archivist to Covent

Garden, and in the corner always absorbing narrative of some belated justice to Pitt as one who strewed the foundations of a national opera, and to Richier, who, through the Italian opera with his *Ring in England*, had covered an excellent territory for the Victorian period in the T. C. Cox's *Musical Revolution* (1850); he has thrown behind him the vicissitudes of the last period before the last war, which indicates some lost opportunities, using people who might have been since the war. In short he has seasoned his history with some slight criticism.

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THE BIG COUNTRY

HARRISON E. SALISBURY: *Orbit of China*. 222pp. Secker and Warburg. 30s.

Since the publication of his recent dispatches from Hanoi and the articles written since his return, Mr. Harrison E. Salisbury has become widely known for his views on the Vietnam war; but he was already Assistant Managing Editor of the *New York Times*, the author of three books on international affairs, a Pulitzer Prize winner and an authority on the Soviet Union. His account of the 30,000-mile voyage along the frontiers of China which he made in 1966 was thus certain to be both interesting and informative. It is in fact a good deal more than that. Mr. Salisbury is a shrewd, objective observer; his account, enlivened by significant anecdote, is compellingly written; his conclusions, which go beyond the Vietnam affair to the problem of food and population which make Chinese aggressiveness inevitable, cannot be disregarded.

Mr. Salisbury's journey started in Hongkong, where the current phase of the Chinese enigma is studied more closely than anywhere: it took him to Cambodia, Thailand, Laos, Burma, India, Sikkim, Outer Mongolia, eastern Russia and Japan. For each there is a quick portrait, an illuminating phrase: in each China casts its shadow on national troubles and aspirations. Cambodia, kept alive against enormous odds by the eccentric wisdom of a traditional ruler, fixes its hopes on the power of China to protect it against its two traditional enemies, Thailand and South Vietnam, and if needs must, against their joint backer, the United States. In Thailand, obsessed as the country is with the maintenance of its independence, one of the realities is the influence of Chinese blood and Chinese business upon the military rulers; another is the closeness of Bangkok, for all its sophistication, to the firm substratum of traditional life. In Laos, the "fairy station", where the principle of neutrality, however warped, is still observed, at least in the breach, is the opium trade.

Ne rule, Burma with the austerity of a Cromwell—his officers "bone honest", a quality too rare in Asia. India, forced from her among moralizing by military realities and by the precarious balance between population and food supply, can think of little but her own security, in which Sikkim, Bhutan and Nepal are also involved. In Mongolia the Chinese have for the moment given up the struggle against Russian dominance and the country is part of the Russian defensive system, but nationalism remains to be exploited against the Russians when the time is ripe. All along the Himalayas through Sinkiang, Mongolia and along the Amur River to the sea, there is tension and war preparation far deeper and more serious than the West imagines.

In Japan there is a different feeling. The Japanese believe that they understand China and that they are better qualified than any other nation to help her into the modern world. They see immense opportunities for themselves. They have failed in one attempt to dominate the western Pacific; but hand in hand with China, what might not be achieved?

So much for the circumference. What of the centre? China has achieved nuclear status faster than anyone thought possible: future development may be no less surprising. Man for man, her army is second to none and she is training it to fight at close quarters to avoid the penalties of technical inferiority. She is preparing for war, a long war to which she sees Vietnam as the prelude. She is prepared to fight alone and thinks she will win despite the unanswerable nuclear holocaust with which she assumes the Americans will begin. The Red Guards, the cultural revolution, if they are not signs of dementia, may be a deliberate steeling of youth for the barricades to come, a prelude to mobilization.

An aggressive war against China is, of course, not inevitable or even likely. But it is a mathematical certainty that China must burst her frontiers within, perhaps, a decade, and what will her neighbours do then? Her population has already outgrown her food resources and it is increasing at a rate of twenty millions a year. Nothing effective has been done to check this appalling fecundity. Only in the shortest term can exports pay for food imports. China must have more land. To the north and north-east in Outer Mongolia, and the maritime provinces of

eastern Russia, there is an untold vastness of virgin acres: to the south and south-west, in Burma, Thailand, Cambodia, South Vietnam, the rich deltas are undeveloped in Chinese terms, their fertility hardly tapped. The odds are indeed on nuclear war.

Set against the Chinese danger, the American obsession with Vietnam, leaving no energy, thought, forces or money for the tasks which are essential if real disaster is to be averted. What are these tasks?

The approach must be to fundamentals. If, as I felt, the key to the China problem was food and population then the approach must be towards a solution of this dilemma. China must be guaranteed food and technical resources to meet her needs and avert the danger of famine. She herself was seeking to bring her population under control. She must have the best of technical assistance for this task.

The first steps, in which a measure of confidence would be established, could only be taken now by Japan and France. First, there must be a solution in Vietnam, an Asian solution, advanced, negotiated, managed and backed by Asians. Asians themselves must set up a stable regime in South-East Asia and tell the United States and China, in effect, "Stay out!"

Next "China must be dragged, kicking and screaming, into the United Nations Assembly". Somehow her isolation from the world must be broken and, almost as important, America's isolation from China. Unseen factors might already be working towards this. Although Mao feels the American threat the more immediate "the number one enemy in the view of the Chinese Party is actually Soviet Russia". In terms of Marxist dogma, the opposition of capitalist America was to be expected by Communist China; but Russia was the renegade ally and her hostility was resented the more. The quarrel with Russia is also the more serious in itself, for it is conducted across a long land frontier and concerned directly with living space, people and food.

The beginning, says Mr. Salisbury, will be immensely difficult, but the alternative is disaster. He has given us a stimulating and persuasive book as well as a great deal to think about.

SMALL CHANGE

RONALD C. NAIRN: *International Aid to Thailand. The New Colonialism?* 228pp. Yale University Press. £2 8s.

Shortly after joining Unesco in 1948, Thailand asked for a survey of her educational system. Out of this request emerged the Unesco educational projects at Cha Cheong Sao and Ubol, which were designed as experiments in the ways in which foreign aid could stimulate the operation of Thai education in rural areas. By the 1960s it had been admitted that these projects had failed to achieve very much. Ronald C. Nairn, on the basis of his own experience in the field in Thailand, endeavours to explain why this should have been the case. The result is a fascinating essay which probes deeply into the whole philosophy of aid to developing countries.

The theory behind the two Unesco projects which Mr. Nairn examines (and which it should be emphasized, represented a very small fraction of the foreign aid effort in Thailand) was really a version of the old mousetrap cliché. Build a better school in one or two places and the whole nation will follow the example set. Show the people better ways to do things and they will abandon their old habits and traditions. Practice, however, suggested that in these particular instances at least theory was at fault. As Mr. Nairn shows, one reason lay in the lack of real need for change or improvement. Nobody wants mousetraps in a mouseless environment. There was little point teaching people to make bamboo chairs when they were accustomed to sit on the floor and when they could not sell their finished articles outside the village, because of the lack of roads and bridges. Where there was an obvious need, Mr. Nairn shows, the Thai were capable of picking up modern skills as anyone else. The real reason was the people of

Bangkok made it possible to create a breed of Thai mechanics. These could be trained to service the jet aircraft in the Thai air force.

The problem in the rural areas, Mr. Nairn argues convincingly, was usually too great and too complex to be solved by simple nostrums. Only major projects of development, controlled by the central authorities, could create the atmosphere in which minor skills could flourish; and such projects had major political and social implications which might not always be to the taste of Bangkok. In attempting minor local improvements Unesco could all too easily find itself advocating changes of an almost revolutionary magnitude, changes which elsewhere in Asia were brought about in the past only by the application of colonial power. Something, of course, could be done by the application of tactful persuasion on the provincial and central bureaucratic elite. Such tact, however, was not always a quality of the foreign expert, who all too often was not in the field long enough to acquire the understanding with which to turn the philosophies of the Unesco chiefs into practical working methods. Mr. Nairn contrasts the Unesco men rather unfavourably with the Christian missionaries in Thailand: the missionaries had not axe to grind which Unesco did not, but by virtue of long residence, mastery of language and understanding of local ways, the missionaries had discovered ways to coat their pills with sugar pleasing to the Thai taste. What the missionaries had learnt to do, Mr. Nairn concludes, was to communicate with Thais, to provide services (schools and hospitals) which the Thai elite wanted, and to eschew any challenge to the Thai status quo.

Mr. Nairn's study, is of exceptional interest because it provides in

Flammarion, Paris, have published Chestov's *Athènes et Jerusalem* in a translation by Boris de Schötozer. Although Chestov died in 1938, it did not appear until 1952. In a Russian edition printed in Paris. This version is preceded by an introduction by Yves Bonnefoy, "L'Obsession de Chestov".

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FILM FUN

JOSEF VON STERNBERG : *Fun in a Chinese Laundry*. 348pp. Secker and Warburg. 42s.

HEDY LAMARR : *Ecstasy and Me. My Life as a Woman.* 237pp. W. H. Allen, 35s.

If the American publication of Mr. Sternberg's autobiography gave someone the idea of doing a television documentary about the most famous mishap of Sternberg's film career, *1, Claudius*, has been undoubtedly the first created by *The Empire That Never Was*, which inspired *The Book*, an English publication. Textually the editions are the same. But the illustrations have been somewhat rearranged to include a still of Emlyn Williams in "the cocktail number" he unkindly referred to in the programme. The picture is equipped with a characteristic Sternberg caption, snapping back that Mr. Williams' comments on that occasion were "not only thirty years late but incompetent".

The tone is typical. No doubt it is hardly surprising that a film-maker who has hardly had the chance to make a single film as he wanted, without interference of one sort or another, since 1935 should emerge as a trifle embittered. Especially since the one personal creation he did manage entirely according to his own lights, *The Seducer of Antiochia*, was disliked by almost everyone. But it may be felt that Mr. Sternberg overdoes it somewhat. Hardly anyone has ever come into contact with receives a good word; certainly no one he has ever significantly worked with. His treatment of Marlene Dietrich in particular is a masterpiece of perversity. She herself has never ceased to credit him with the formation of her screen personality and to say that everything she achieved in *The Blue Angel*, *The Scarlet Empress* and *The Devil is a Woman* was entirely his doing. How disgraceful, says Mr. Sternberg; what more calculated to win praise for her modesty and put him in disrepute. For what was the truth? Well, precisely what she says, of course. One wonders what account she could give of their professional relations to please him.

However, the book, if bizarre in many of its judgments, self-contradictory

Among the films from which Mr. Sternberg was stormily separated there was a vehicle for a new M.G.M. star, Hedy Lamarr, with whom, presumably, he was meant to do a Dietrich. It was called *I Take This Woman*, but after he had left it was stopped, started, recast and rethought so often that in the end Hollywood was dubbed it *I Re-take This Woman*. That was only one incident in a career almost as colourful as his own; but while Mr. Sternberg's most spectacular feats are there for all to see on the screen, Miss Lamarr's seem to take place mainly on the margin of her public career. Her autobiography contains enough varied and exotic sexual adventures to satisfy any reader's appetite, and reflects at length on the paradox that while all these exciting men were going on producers kept telling her that of course she could not play sexy roles, because she was too much of a lady. The book is equipped with introductions by a psychologist and a doctor, who recommend it in exaltate terms as a document of medical interest. This may or may not be, but clearly Miss Lamarr has a head on her shoulders and her story is intelligently written, with an unexpectedly lively sense of humour.

EDWARD ARNOLD

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IMPERIAL TWILIGHT

JOHN MARLOWE: *Late Victorian*. The Life of Sir Arnold Wilson. 418pp. Cresset Press. £2 15s.

Just seventy years ago the British Empire celebrated its apogee in the Diamond Jubilee of the Queen-Empress Victoria. The Empire had, thought the Indian administrator Sir George Campbell, "pretty well reached the limits set by nature"—and he spoke advisedly, for though it went on growing for another thirty years, it already comprised a quarter of the earth's land mass and a quarter of its population.

Seven decades and two world wars later, it scarcely exists at all. All that remains is a ragbag of islands, a folk-lore of sorts, one or two chronic headaches and an occasional pang of conscience; and more astonishing even than this abrupt collapse is how little the British have cared. For them it has proved to be, on the whole, more a relief than a tragedy. If the British are having some trouble evolving a new national role, they show few signs of neurosis about shedding the old: if there is nostalgia for the lost simplicities of rural England, say, or the old absolutes of the class structure, there can be very few people in Britain today who pine for the White Man's Burden. The Empire was acquired, Sir John Seeley thought, in a fit of absent-mindedness. Easy come, his successors seem to reply with a shrug, easy go.

Only a few hundred individuals found themselves, thirty or forty years ago, so tripped between historical energies that their whole lives were knocked topsy-turvy. They were mostly professionals of Empire—proconsuls, engineers, imperial soldiers, whose occupations undeniably gone, and whose children too, recalling cantonment idylls from the accountant's desk or the television studio, sometimes still feel a wistful sense of deprivation. Of this small sad cadre, tossed aside by history, one of the most remarkable is the subject of Mr. Marlowe's new book: and in *Late Victorian* this fine and serious writer has consummated his studies of that twilight zone between the zenith of Empire and its eclipse, the awful certainties of Victorian supremacy and the effervescent release of Mr. Wilson's Little England.

Arnold Talbot Wilson stood like a puzzled Colossus astride this gulf. He was born in 1884 into a world where Britain's duty to govern the backward peoples seemed, at least to the British, self-evident and high-minded. He lived through a dismal shakedown of the imperial gears—the first doubtful concessions to nationalism, the attempt to establish a new sort of Empire among the Arabs, the slow return to the realities of Europe. He died splendidly in that heroic nemesis of the imperial mission, the

Second World War. Mr. Marlowe sees him not as typical of his era but as instructively atypical: a man in relief, sharp-edged and massive, to whose uncompromising image the shadows of the 1920s and 1930s formed a drab, disturbing background.

A. T. Wilson's career was symbolically bisected by the Great War (as he himself would have called it). The son of a headmaster of Clifton, a passionate Cliftonian himself, a muscular Christian with healthy radical instincts, he was a striking embodiment of *mens sana in corpore sano*. He was childishly proud of his physical fitness, habitually living far more unhealthily than he needed, and gives an impression in retrospect of a young man whose wholesome innocence became a fetish in itself. He was big, immensely hard-working, a good linguist, conceited, humourless, exceedingly courageous. Thus equipped he passed first of his years out of Sandhurst, graduated from the Indian Army in exploration and political skull-duggery in Persia, fought gallantly in Mesopotamia against the Turks, and so impressed his superiors that by 1920, at thirty-six, he was a famous man, a K.C.I.E., and the *de facto* ruler of Iraq—one of the new states established by the British, in a hazy sort of way, upon the wreckage of the Turkish Empire.

So far so good. Till then Wilson's principles had all been in his favour, and it was no handicap to subscribe to the sentiments of another celebrated Cliftonian, Sir Henry Newbolt: "To set the Cause above renown." Wilson was a man of Empire in an imperial setting, and he ruled Iraq autocratically, scoffing at the sleazy nationalists and forcefully decreeing, for example, national frontiers which exist to this day.

But subtler and more complex figures, ideas of less guileless morality, were then entering the imperial scene—visions of self-determination and racial equality, men and women like Churchill, Lawrence and Gertrude Bell to whom the old school code offered only an intermittent appeal. In a year or two Wilson found himself not only out of his period, but also out of his class. Mr. Marlowe traces superbly the weakening of his command—his growing distaste for liberals and intellectuals, his stubborn inability (for he was anything but a fool) to grasp what was happening in the world outside. He disregarded the sensibly liberal advice offered him by the India Office, and in 1921 we can just see him, sixth-form as ever, ineffectually at

the back of a lawn Conference group dominated by a benign Churchill, a taciturnly pallid Lawrence, and Miss Bell in a lovely hat.

The temper of the times had turned against him, and his record in Iraq did not commend him to liberal opinion at home. He left the official service disillusioned and, like many another dispossessed imperialist, took refuge for a time in an oil company, returning to public life in 1933 as a particularly prickly Conservative Member of Parliament. By then he was married, living in some style in Hertfordshire, and the ideas moulded by upbringing and experience had hardened into dogmatic conviction. His was an apothecary of Arnoldism—the public school cult applied to an entire nation. He stood for physical fitness, of course, large families, racial pride, nationalism, some sort of corporate state. Mr. Marlowe assures us that Wilson was not in fact a Mosleyite: he was certainly an early admirer of the Nazis, and attended Nuremberg rallies with just the same enthusiasm, no doubt, as he would have displayed at the march-past of the imperial contingents at Her Majesty's Jubilee.

It sounds a squalid decline, and Wilson was his own worst enemy. He had a gift for antagonism. He was disagreeably self-centred in youth, often bigoted in maturity, in some ways exceedingly clever, in others quite crassly obtuse. But if that now discredited up-bringing, cold-baths-and-Heber beside the Bristol Downs, ill-fitted him for the new world of the 1930s, it also planted some noble seeds in the mind of this essentially good and simple man. Wilson may have been gulled by Hitler, but he was really far from a Nazi himself. He was never selfish, seldom mean, and the older he grew the more he concerned himself with the problems of the poor and the aged—problems he first encountered, and never forgot, in his father's dingy north-country parish long before. If he was a radical of the right in foreign affairs, he was a liberal reformer at home. The books on workmen's compensation and old

age pensions which he wrote in collaboration with Herman Leis, G. S. Mackay more than make up his mistakes, and remain his honourable memorial. The shadowed and perhaps tragic feverish report, and made, as Marlowe says, a massive contribution to the sociological thought of the time.

Mr. Marlowe says it takes happens, for his biography is too long and occasionally too writer, but perhaps not quite list of every book review he wrote, such as we get at the end of this volume. But the *Late Victorian* is a curious begins ponderously, more so, and never leaps into lyricism, all its author's books, it does its effect upon a calm justice, nor a sure feeling that what is fair, wise and probably not gradually, chapter by chapter, strength and pathos of his character dwains upon us, until he comes to seem a tortured outcast of his own often right, so often wrong, yet with it all somehow a character—a Saint in the kind, an armoured man, a Bible on his way to break.

It is very hard to like him, himself scorned more than of life's instruments. It is understood that a by his from a Lawrence could achieve great things, or that of brandy with a Churchill's small hours might be better a brisk morning walk with an administrator. But he was man, and honest, and he was his principles to the end, not rich in steadfastness. In May 31, 1940, shot down at Kirk—Pilot Officer Sir Arnold Wilson, M.P., 56, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.P., 56, 155-year-old, some of the Indian Army and still in a good and poignant sense, a soldier Queen.

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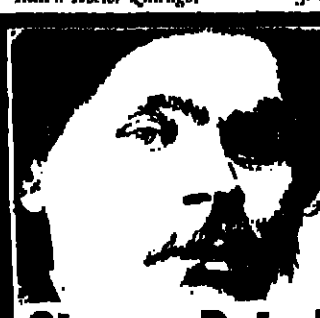
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KENYA NOW—

—AND THEN

N. S. CAREY JONES: *The Anatomy of Uhuru*. An Essay on Kenya's Independence. 231pp. Manchester University Press. 32s. 6d.G. H. MUNGEAM: *British Rule in Kenya 1895-1912*. The establishment of administration in the East Africa Protectorate. 329pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £2 15s.

The author, a former senior official in Kenya, has produced an interesting and honest analysis of the forces and influences prevalent in Kenya in the period leading up to, and immediately following, independence. His aim has been to look at things from the point of view of what happens to the "ordinary" African.

Mr. Carey Jones was Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Lands and Settlement, which was responsible for the settlement schemes for reallocating farm land to Africans. Understandably, what he has to say about the land question, which has always been of crucial importance in Kenya's affairs, is of great interest. He rightly emphasizes the failure of many Europeans to recognize early enough the inevitable direction of events. "All African development was, therefore, an object of suspicion, including the Swynnerton Plan..."

The main criticism that can be levelled at Mr. Carey Jones is that he gives insufficient weight to the ethos of African political feelings, and too much to economic criteria and, specifically, to "western" criteria. He does not lack sympathy with the African leaders in their task.

On the contrary, he is far more understanding than many "old Kenya hands". He considers, however, that non-alignment is unrealistic and that it means in practice alignment with the East. He assumes that Africa will fall under communist, and particularly Chinese, influence. Yet surely non-alignment is a most important aspect of African political thought and should be seen not as a policy so much as an approach to policy-making. As to the communist, their record so far in Africa is one of abysmal failure.

Then, he discusses racial animosities, and the fact that in practice white Kenyans tend to be viewed as second-class citizens, without recognizing sufficiently that years in which black Kenyans were treated as second-class citizens in their own country are bound to have had an effect on attitudes. Surely the hopeful thing is that racial relations since independence have been so good.

One may disagree with many of the author's conclusions, but that is not to belittle his book. It is in fact a stimulating and thought-provoking study, and it is extremely well-informed.

AFRICANNESS ANALYSED

ALI A. MAZRUJI: *Towards a Pax Africana*. A Study of Ideology and Ambition. 287pp. Wiedenfeld and Nicolson. 40s.

Independent Africa must have the resources for keeping the peace on the continent. That, the author says, is perhaps the most crucial aspect of the ethic of self-government in Africa. He examines its implications in considerable detail, discussing, for example, the United Nations operation in the Congo after independence, and the multitudes in East Africa in 1964 which were put down with the aid of the former colonial power, Britain.

Born in Kenya, Professor Mazruji holds a chair at Makerere University College, Uganda, and he writes, therefore, from within—knowing the situation in modern Africa at first hand. This is important, because it enables him to understand the attitudes which underlie African policies, and particularly the attitudes towards self-government—which is "central to African political thought". He sees a distinction between state sovereignty and racial sovereignty, pointing out, to give one example, that whereas Zanzibar on independence (but before the revolution) was a free and sovereign state—according to state sovereignty—if its rulers were Zanzibaris, it could become free and sovereign according to racial sovereignty only if its rulers were essentially African by race. On the basis, rule by a minority could be acceptable—provided that the minority were a minority of the majority race.

It is necessary to understand the importance of race—the importance

of "Africaness"—if we are to understand independent black Africa, and Professor Mazruji's analysis is helpful. Also helpful is the fact that he points—albeit cautiously—to the weaknesses which stand in the way of the "triumph of continental jurisdiction" which the *Pax Africana* represents. Self-pacification in Africa, he remarks, depends on the continent's own police and armed forces. "But what if the peace is disturbed by those armed forces themselves?" It is an apt question in the present era of military coups.

The author covers a good deal of ground. He rightly gives a central place to the concept of non-alignment, and interestingly argues that it is fundamentally a non-unifying doctrine—an assertion of the right to be different—and therefore fundamentally against the concept of pan-Africanism which is "at its most ambitious, a desire for a deeply unified African community". He discusses, the African relationship with the European Economic Community. He looks at the communists' efforts to influence Africa, and assesses them realistically.

In seeking an answer to the question of who is going to keep the peace in Africa now that the imperial powers have gone, Professor Mazruji necessarily looks at all kinds of aspects of African political thought. He writes with insight and is well worth reading.

MUCH MARRIED MAN

PAT RITZENHALLER: *The Fon of Bafut*. Photographs by Robert Ritzenhaller. 221pp. Cassell. 30s.

As every schoolboy knows, the Fons of the West Cameroon have large numbers of wives. Of these chiefs, Achirimbi, the Fon of Bafut, has already appeared as a fascinating character in Gerald Durrell's *The Bafut Beagles* (1954). Now his life has been fittingly recorded by the wife of an American anthropologist who worked in Bafut in 1959. Here is a delightfully told tale which stretches back into the days of Aboumbi, Achirimbi's father, who was already Fon of Bafut before the Germans arrived in the grasslands behind the Cameroon mountains. This is anthropology as the general reader may enjoy imbibing it—that only which is relevant to the story of the hero. Thus we learn of the *enchindula* system for training youths at the Fon's court, of initiation rites and other customs in the life of a young man who can only suspect that possibly he, among the Fon's many other sons, may have been chosen by his father to succeed him.

As his father's representative, he goes as an envoy to a neighbouring

Fon and to the British administrator at Bumenia. On the first occasion he witnesses a striking demonstration of the power of women in grasslands society. However, the customary ways are changing, with the coming of missionaries and European administrators, first German and then British. The growing man's story enables us to appreciate more fully the vast changes of these eighty years until finally as Fon he sways the votes in an election and discusses with Mr. Foncha, shortly to be Vice-President of the Cameroon Republic, what is best for his people.

Here then is a delightful portrait of one who "is still vigorous, dignified, full of gentle humour and altogether irascible", a man surrounded by wives and tribal counsellors, many of whom come alive under Mrs. Ritzenhaller's able pen. Today, when so much of horror and violence is reported from Africa, we must thank her for so charmingly recapturing the life of a people and their chief who have made a more ordered and less disrupted progress into the second half of the twentieth century.

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COLLINS

FLEMISH AND WALLOON

VERNON MALLINSON: *Modern Belgian Literature 1830-1960*. 205pp. Heinemann. £2.25.

Two frontier lines divide the narrow stretch of Continental Europe along the North Sea generally known as the Low Countries, a natural one running from west to east just south of Brussels, and an artificial one north of Antwerp, roughly parallel to the former except for a pocket in the east that stretches south to coincide with its less artificial counterpart. The latter is, of course, the linguistic frontier between the French-speaking Belgians and their Flemish-speaking countrymen; the other is the political frontier between Belgium and the Kingdom of the Netherlands, better known as Holland. To make a slightly complicated situation still more intricate the language of Holland, called Dutch, is exactly the same as Flemish. If Dutchmen distinguish between Dutch and Flemish, they mean by the latter the spoken dialects of Northern Belgium, not the language of its books and newspapers.

In view of this situation it might be thought questionable whether there is such a thing as Belgian literature. Mr. Vernon Mallinson answers the question in the affirmative and makes a good case for it, although he too is compelled to treat of Walloon and Flemish writers and poets of the same periods in alternate chapters. Mr. Mallinson rarely uses the term Walloon with respect to literature, he very properly prefers to speak of Belgian authors writing in French. Many of these are of Flemish stock, as their surnames will show: De Coster, Eckhoud, Elskamp, Gevers, Van Lerberghe, Maeterlinck, Verhaeren and many, many others. Most of them have their spiritual roots deep in Flemish soil and simply use French to express thoughts and feelings that are purely Flemish. A Flemish translation of Charles de Coster's *Thyl Ulenspiegel* or Marie Gevers's *La Confesse des Dignes* reads like a Flemish original, whereas any novel by a Flemish

writer would immediately betray its origin even in the best of French translations.

This would indicate that there is a Belgian literature after all, although written in two completely different languages. Mr. Mallinson has succeeded in explaining how each part of it developed and came to full maturity after having been virtually non-existent for several centuries. Their renaissance started, slowly at first, with the birth of the Belgian nation in 1830—itsself a result, of course, to justify the idea of a Belgian literature.

Modern Belgian Literature has been written with considerable care and devotion. In fact almost the only thing that could be held against the author is that in some cases personal preference has been his guide in the choice of authors to be treated. But a choice had to be made if the book was not to become a mere catalogue of names and titles, and in one case at least Mr. Mallinson admits candidly that his selection was determined by what he happened to have read.

Writers and their work are usefully set against the political and social background of their times. The book is enlivened by a considerable number of apt quotations from Belgian writers and poets either in French or in the case of Flemish authors, in good English translations, mostly by Mr. Mallinson himself.

Mistakes, even in the spelling of Flemish names (a notorious stumbling block for British composers and proofreaders) are few. Readers should know, however, that the monument on the Bruges market-place is not a statue of the great poet Guido Gezelle but of Breydel, and De Coninck, two fourteenth-century national heroes. The book does not pursue its subject further than 1960—not sufficient reason, however, for one of the greatest Flemish writers of the present century, Willem Elsschot (1882-1960), to have been described on page 94 as still living.

MACDONALD

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MACDONALD

DEAR SWIFT, DEAR POPE

The Letters of John Gay. Edited by C. F. Burgess. 142pp. Oxford University Press. 30s.

The real disappointment in this thin volume is that it is a "Letters" and not a "Correspondence". There are two good reasons for including letters to as well as from your subject: it is of immeasurable biographical and psychological value to see how his friends thought of him and conformed their communications to his interests; and more simply and more essentially it enables one to know what he is writing about without multiplying the footnotes. If the letters are real letters and not literary essays equipped with epistolary formulas, the lively give and take of a correspondence is essential to the understanding of both fact and character. Space sometimes precludes the publication of a correspondence: in Gay's case it would not have done. Mr. Burgess points out that these letters have hitherto only been available in other collections (e.g., in Swift's, Pope's or Mrs. Howard's) and even specifies a complaint shared by many scholars that Croker's *Suffolk Correspondence* has been out of print for nearly a century-and-a-half. If this is a genuine inconvenience, why then for the reader to refer to those volumes for Mrs. Howard's letters to Gay? Why not print them, too?

The actual thickness of Gay's own epistolary output can hardly be helped. In 1921, before there had been much close study of Gay, "Lewis Melville" was able to list in his *Life and Letters* (a by no means scrupulous work) no fewer than sixty-three letters of the poet. The remaining nineteen added by Mr. Burgess have mostly appeared in journals and other collections since that date, only two being his own discoveries, and one of these already printed in part. Mr. Burgess mentions known and presumed correspondents not represented, and concludes that these letters have been lost. He also thinks that Gay was a dilatory letter-writer. This, of course, may well be true, but is perhaps too predictable an explanation: critics have often accepted the view that Gay was lazy and undisciplined without really considering the actual scope and bulk of his literary output. Mr. Burgess, in support of the view, refers to an early letter to Parnell, but Gay is not saying there that he dislikes writing letters (as Mr. Burgess says he is) but that he dislikes copying them out if he makes a mistake, and that Parnell as a friend must not mind a blot or two. Even this implication must not be taken too literally, since Gay volunteered for a good deal of transcribing (for the Scriblerus Club, for instance, and for Pope when the latter had hurt his hand in a coach accident). There is no doubt that Mr. Burgess has made diligent searches, but he would be the first to approve one's hope that this is not all there is.

The edition more or less conforms to the style of George Sherburn's *Pope Correspondence*, and in procedure and accuracy seems to be all that one should expect. The decision to print exactly what was written, including the poet's own punctuation, does make for some occasionally choppy reading (a somewhat obvious one is "obvious"). However, one would not be without the Duchess of Queensberry's spelling. It has the abandon and calculation of unschooled intelligence in "noncence" as though to underline its occasional quality; or in her not believing Mrs. Howard, a royal mistress, to be "ungrateful" and wonderfully suggests the warmth of her personality.

Some details: "uncommonest" on page 23 looks without checking the manuscript as though it should be "uncommonness". Letter no. 7 is without Swift's endorsement as printed by Sir Harold Williams in his *Swift Correspondence*. Who is right? A few letters are boldly, and on the whole convincingly, related; however, the relating of no. 5 (which accompanied some subscription copies to Addison) on the assumption that Gay's references to *Cato* in *The Whet Dye Call* it really are a "devastating burlesque" and would have caused friendly relations with Addison to lapse, does not seem urgently necessary: Rowe, Otway, Dryden, even Shakespeare, are all much more blatantly made use of in Gay's farce, and it needed a Key (possibly written by Gay and Pope themselves to draw attention to misused allusions) to reveal the use of *Cato* anyway. Is Addison's known stickiness enough to reverse the dating of Irving and Sherburn? It is not clear why the "something for the Stage" on page 122 has to be *Achilles*: could it not be *The Distressed Wife*? And is there any reason for saying (page 2) that Gay was only "probably" an honorary member of the Gentleman's Society at Spalding, when the list of members (accessible in Nichols) plainly includes him? The note on page 23 about the Scriblerian "extraordinary Copy of verses" is rather misleading, too: it appears to be saying what these are, but in fact does not. On the whole, Mr. Burgess's notes are neat and intelligent. He has gone to Sherburn and others for help, but he is independent and inquisitive. He is, it is true, guilty of biographer's jargon: "he was roundly berated" or "his hopes came to naught" is a fairly archaic form of English to encounter these days, even in footnotes.

The letters themselves are pleasant enough, with plenty of Gay's odd humour and observation:

Here's a melancholy prospect before my eyes; I am now looking upon the Grove, which is now every day losing its Shade; and alas! what is a Grove without a Shade; the leaves fall; the Bowling Green is Wet; the Roads are Dirty and I almost wish to be in London, where Pope hath been all this Summer; & Bulgeil is still of the same opinion when I last saw him which is about a Month since that all the Ladies are Ravels. (p. 4)

It is the personal detail which brings individuals alive for us; Swift, for instance, is a Melancholy prospect before my eyes; I am now looking upon the Grove, which is now every day losing its Shade; and alas! what is a Grove without a Shade; the leaves fall; the Bowling Green is Wet; the Roads are Dirty and I almost wish to be in London, where Pope hath been all this Summer; & Bulgeil is still of the same opinion when I last saw him which is about a Month since that all the Ladies are Ravels. (p. 4)

Mr. Burgess has written a "General Introduction" which continues itself to the circumstances of *Joseph Andrews* composition, the date of its publication, and the early history of its publication. Since he insists that the "Wednesdays" is primarily for the scholar, Mr. Battestlin perhaps not to be taken to task for not providing more in the way of general background information and also of interpretation, such as is contained in his earlier edition. But he has many facts at hand, and these are useful, especially as they spill into the ample footnotes to the text itself. While Mr. Battestlin rises to heartiness ("The simple, as well as the sophisticated, took Richardson's servant girl to heart, trembling over her trials") he never descends to carelessness, and his research is frequently rewarding. For instance, it is good to know of Book II, chapter three, that Mr. Tow-wouse was legally justified in detaining Adams's horse.

The textual introduction by Professor Bowers is in model of exposition, and the five appendices devoted to textual matters bear his well-known stamp. They are exhaustive, and everything is out in the open, so that any reader who wants to

ten, including pakes and wretched punctuation, does make for some occasionally choppy reading (a somewhat obvious one is "obvious"). However, one would not be without the Duchess of Queensberry's spelling. It has the abandon and calculation of unschooled intelligence in "noncence" as though to underline its occasional quality; or in her not believing Mrs. Howard, a royal mistress, to be "ungrateful" and wonderfully suggests the warmth of her personality.

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Some details: "uncommonest" on page 23 looks without checking the manuscript as though it should be "uncommonness". Letter no. 7 is without Swift's endorsement as printed by Sir Harold Williams in his *Swift Correspondence*. Who is right? A few letters are boldly, and on the whole convincingly, related; however, the relating of no. 5 (which accompanied some subscription copies to Addison) on the assumption that Gay's references to *Cato* in *The Whet Dye Call* it really are a "devastating burlesque" and would have caused friendly relations with Addison to lapse, does not seem urgently necessary: Rowe, Otway, Dryden, even Shakespeare, are all much more blatantly made use of in Gay's farce, and it needed a Key (possibly written by Gay and Pope themselves to draw attention to misused allusions) to reveal the use of *Cato* anyway. Is Addison's known stickiness enough to reverse the dating of Irving and Sherburn? It is not clear why the "something for the Stage" on page 122 has to be *Achilles*: could it not be *The Distressed Wife*? And is there any reason for saying (page 2) that Gay was only "probably" an honorary member of the Gentleman's Society at Spalding, when the list of members (accessible in Nichols) plainly includes him? The note on page 23 about the Scriblerian "extraordinary Copy of verses" is rather misleading, too: it appears to be saying what these are, but in fact does not. On the whole, Mr. Burgess's notes are neat and intelligent. He has gone to Sherburn and others for help, but he is independent and inquisitive. He is, it is true, guilty of biographer's jargon: "he was roundly berated" or "his hopes came to naught" is a fairly archaic form of English to encounter these days, even in footnotes.

The letters themselves are pleasant enough, with plenty of Gay's odd humour and observation:

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AID BUT NO HELP

MANFRED JONAS: *Isolationism in America 1935-1941*. 315pp. Cornell University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £3.

Professor Jonas has written an intelligent book on an important topic and if it has some serious defects, they are due as much to the intrinsic difficulties of the theme as to deficiencies in the author. Some of the difficulties of the theme as to defining "isolationism" are still alive: some are still subjects of quite lively love or hate (like Mr. Joseph Kennedy). Then there is a good deal of confusion in the American public mind about the meaning of "isolationism", and one of the least happy parts of this book is the attempt to define or refine this concept. Professor Jonas says that the policy adopted by China and Japan while one becomes disoriented by the policies of China under the Manchukuo Shoguns were not service of the best interests of the Middle Kingdom after the Opium War and gossip is enlivened by the light-weighted arrival of Commodore Perry had no matter: in the more parallel in American attitudes—as melancholy letters a way that destroys the relevance of his just about the first part.

Anxious to absolve many eminent to give him credit for the charge of having been "isolationist" (Professor Jonas takes the word about his own: "danger" or hope of the United States aiding the Greek insurgents in an avuncular way in 1830 to do anything for more about Gay's Hungary. The politicians "believed treatment from the cause as far away" as the influential Budapest; that was all. And after Gay himself would have the extension of the Monroe Doctrine. Gay really looked by Polk, there was an aggressive literary mind, side to 100 percent Americanism. After getting these irrelevances out of the way, however, Professor Jonas does not seem to have moved to brass tacks. He points out that the only isolationist Americans in the letters, where Anglophobia; not all were in ones, describing a different to the fate of democracy, copying out verse, etc. But they proposed, at most, lively, though often give "every kind of aid except correspondent (his respect)", to use a jest of 1950. As Professor Jonas says, "the isolationist cause as far away" as the influential Budapest; that was all. And after Gay himself would have the extension of the Monroe Doctrine. Gay really looked by Polk, there was an aggressive literary mind, side to 100 percent Americanism. After getting these irrelevances out of the way, however, Professor Jonas does not seem to have moved to brass tacks. He points out that the only isolationist Americans in the letters, where Anglophobia; not all were in ones, describing a different to the fate of democracy, copying out verse, etc. But they proposed, at most, lively, though often give "every kind of aid except correspondent (his respect)", to use a jest of 1950. As Professor

There was nothing intrinsically wrong or silly in saying to a Europe going down to hell again: "include me out". The basic error was one of judgment. As Professor Jonas neatly puts it: "The United States could change its role in world affairs by non-action but it could not eliminate that role." Even the Fichtelberg closed economy that Charles Beard hankered after would not necessarily have kept the river away from the American door. Professor Jonas attaches much importance to the personalities involved, to explain Lindbergh's anti-democratic bias for instance. But is there any reason to believe that he differed much from his father? "Liberal" and "progressive", as Professor Hofstadter has taught us, are

Respiration"; another in "Elenic Diet"; one substituted for the "Divine Breath" the messages that "the Comforter" got from his nerves. (The Comforter had racist views that would have qualified him for the Ku Klux Klan, but his estimate of the Jews as just below the Gentiles would not have permitted him to join the Waffen S.S.) Edward Bellamy's "Nationalism" was a great force. Other communities, mostly short-lived, were a kind of Gentle Kibbutzim. Others were vaguely monastic. Their ambitions were high. Altruism's only teacher, Miss Whitier, from Pasadena, was not, it is admitted, the desirable combination of "St. Cecilia, Raphael, Cromwell and Job". Some zealots got mixed up with the violent labour relations of the coast, exemplified in the blowing-up of the *Los Angeles Times*. It was no wonder that Upton Sinclair abandoned the effort East after the failure of Helicon Hall and moved on to EPIC. In the world of Governor Reagan and Mr. Savio, the thesis and antithesis of California life are still exemplified. California will become perfect quickly or is perfect already—if the old varieties are only obeyed. Dr. Vine ends with a quotation from *Rasputin*. California is still full of people "who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope".

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PRESENT AND CORRUPT

FRED C. COOK: *The Corrupted Land. The Social Morality of Modern America*. 352pp. Cape. 35s.

Mr. Cook is one of the most active and censorious observers of the American scene. He has produced entertaining and useful books, but he has the habit of overplaying the censorious role. This book shows Mr. Cook at his best and at his less good. He starts off with a highly relevant anecdote of a Los Angeles Negro who returned a great sum of money that had been dropped from a Brink's truck, was rewarded with \$10,000, and despised or actively denounced for being so poor-spirited as not to take the goods the Gods provided and clear off with the unmarked bills. If it is right to assume that this criticism is now the majority view, we may assume a decline in the standards of common honesty: it is now uncommon.

Revealing, but revealing in another way, was the "payola" scandal on a famous quiz programme where the main sinner was Charles Van Doren, member of a distinguished academic dynasty and himself a university teacher. And the lesson was to be found in the sympathy for Mr. Van Doren, the protests when he had to leave Columbia and when his act of compulsory candour after a subpoena, as Mr. William Shannon cruelly pointed out, won him forgiveness. But if the Van Doren nonsense was alarming, possibly it was taken too seriously. A great many people, on general principles, thought that quiz programmes were faked before there was any evidence that they were. It is not a new American phenomenon to prefer "never give a sucker an even break" to "honesty is the best policy". (After all, it is some time since Pudd'nhead Wilson gave us the maxim "When in doubt tell the truth".) But it may be, and Mr. Cook hints at this, that the growth of great impersonal economic powers—the United States Government, General Electric, General Motors—has weakened the impact of "Thou shalt not steal". If the great corporations are themselves thieves (and many Americans think that "income tax is theft"), and many more think that corporate prating of service covers, or tries to cover, racket), then the old story of the industrious apprentice whose honesty brings him to the top of the ladder may have lost its force.

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made very clear. Was it after the heyday of George Norris, of Nebraska? Did the decline begin with "The Cold Age"? These are not irrelevant questions, for a case could be made that in many or most ways American practical ethics are better, not worse, than they were, say, in 1900. We should be shocked at the "convincing" that led General Electric directors to goad—but should notice that they were sent to goad. If "packaging" is a modern method of fraud, putting sand in sugar is not. Sam Slick was on the road before modern encyclopedia salesmen.

This historical foreshortening has two unfortunate results. It enables Mr. Cook to appear as an impartial *laudator temporis acti*. And it presents him from telling some old and new stories. What were Mr. Baker and Mr. Esnes to the great flingers of the past? (It is a possible sign of American innocence that lobbyists putting temptation in the way of men worth corrupting still rely entirely on heterosexual seducers.) The great McKesson and Robbins fraud, in the not very distant past, was more brilliant than any noted here. The involvement of American Express in the oil tanks of Rayonne was more amusing and more important than any of the Esnes frauds. How many modern rogues compare with Krieger and Ponz? And Mr. Cook might reflect on how often the victims of the "con" men are great businessmen. Greed makes crooks of us all—or nearly all. It always did. And as for the savage struggles for power in the great corporations, it was an ornament of that supposedly professionally austere body, the German General Staff, General Max Hoffmann, who said that when any colleague promised him "Nibelung loyalty" he knew he was going to be stabbed in the back. Americans have no more a monopoly of vice than of virtue, and they never have had.

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EPWORTH PRESS

WRIT ON BANANA LEAVES

THOR HEYERDAHL and EDWIN N. PERDON (Editors): *Reports of the Norwegian Archaeological Expedition to Easter Island and the East Pacific*. Vol. 2. 512pp. 60 plates. Allen and Unwin. £8 8s.

The first of the Reports of the Norwegian Expedition, published in 1961, was concerned with the archaeology of Easter Island. This, the second of the series, deals with archaeological work on other islands, and with certain special subjects. Like its predecessor, thanks to the generosity of the leader of the expedition it is produced and illustrated on a scale calculated to arouse the envy of all report-writers. Site-plans and tables of measurements appear wherever they are relevant. Line drawings, especially those of stone implements, are plentiful and excellent. So too are the photographs, though some of these suffer by being reproduced on too small a scale. A list of illustrations would have been useful for reference.

The other Polynesian islands on which archaeological work was carried out are Pitcairn, Rapa Iti, Rai-vavae and the Marquesas group. On Pitcairn surveys were made, caves inspected, and a number of artefacts collected. On Rapa Iti, where excavation remains of three fortified hill-top villages were mapped, and one was excavated in detail; the results suggested affinities with the fortified villages known in western Polynesia. Other sites produced material for an interesting report on the burial complex on Rapa Iti, where excavation confirmed some of the customs described by earlier investigators and provided additional data. Surveys and excavations on Rai-vavae included the examination of hitherto unreported hill terraces, material from which gave a radiocarbon date A.D. 1777 +200-180 years, tallying with the seven generations in the native genealogies. Work on the Marquesas Islands was concentrated on a search for radiocarbon material for dating the stone statues, in order to establish, if possible, their relation to those of Easter Island. The results suggest that the Marquesan statues were erected at the end of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century, about four centuries later than those of Easter Island.

A considerable amount of cranial and other skeletal material was collected on Easter Island, mainly from Late Period sites (c. A.D. 1680-1868). Discussion of this is accompanied by comprehensive tables of measurements and by an analysis of blood types obtained from some of the bones. The physical type proved to be definitely Polynesian. But there are no representatives of the Early Period (c. A.D. 400-1100) and only one grave from the latter part of the Middle Period (c. A.D. 1100-1680).

A challenging feature of the book is Mr. Heyerdahl's paper on "The concept of *rongo-rongo* among the historic population of Easter Island". The existence on the island of wooden tablets covered with characters suggesting an ideographic script (*kohau rongo-rongo*) has been known for more than a hundred years, but no satisfactory theory of their origin or meaning has been forthcoming. The characters were arranged in "reversed boustrophedon", beginning at the bottom and reading from left to right, then passing to the line above *upside down*, reading from right to left. These tablets disappeared soon after the arrival of mis-

sionaries on the island, but "concrete evidence that native efforts to record ancestral matters have continued throughout the first half of the present century and presumably still live on" is provided by the unexpected discovery of four manuscripts written on paper in Roman letters, mainly in the Rapanui (Easter Island) language but including lists of *rongo-rongo* characters with what purported to be translations into Rapanui or Spanish.

Mr. Heyerdahl's search for parallels led him to the Andean area around Lake Titicaca. By ingenious dissection of the relief decoration on the Gateway of the Sun at Tiahuanaco, the important cult centre of the Titicaca basin, he isolates sixteen basic elements, all of which are characteristic of the Easter Island *rongo-rongo*. On the other hand, the relief carvings, petroglyphs and mural paintings at Orongo, the main cult centre on Easter Island, include only one important element which is not featured on the Tiahuanaco gateway. Vestiges of a primitive script are reported to have survived in this area into early historic times, inscribed on banana leaves and on tablets of wood and stone. One such stone tablet is described by Ibarra Grosso, an authority on the Andean script, as being written in reversed boustrophedon. This arrangement, which surely is hardly likely to have been invented twice—has been found in only two areas of the world—Easter Island and Peru.

TREASURE TALK

HANS RODEN: *Treasure-Seekers*. Translated by Frances Hogarth-Gaute. 208pp. Harmap. 25s.

James Dugan once remarked that "the real merit of undersea gold is that it develops salvage techniques and gives employment to divers...". Writers cannot complain either. "Treasure" on a book jacket, like "Sex" or "How to", seems to guarantee sales.

Hans Roden's book purports to be a survey of treasure and the men who have given their fortunes and sometimes their lives for it, and includes most of the standard stories in the English treasure canon. No credit is given to those who did the original research and the book lacks index or bibliography.

The overall effect is curious. The subject is reduced to the level of second-hand gossip heard in a sea-man's bar. The exciting true story of the seven-year salvage of £2 million from the wreck of the Egypt, 426 feet down in the Bay of Biscay, is described, inaccurately, in seven pages, and the author does not seem to have consulted either of the two books written by David Scott, *The Times* staff reporter who accompanied the expedition. The chapter on the Vigo Gallions seems largely based on James Dugan's description of operations at Vigo since the 1700s. In his authoritative review of the history of diving, *Man Explores the Sea*, and on Magen's *Les Galions de Vigo*, last published in Paris in 1873, and the only original source detectable in the book.

Herr Roden seems unaware of that other classic on Vigo, *The Treasure Divers of Vigo Bay*, by John Potter, the young American diver who spent years and a fortune in his vain search for treasure at Vigo. His name is given as John Potter, and his work dismissed in a sentence.

Dugan's influence is only exceeded by that of Nesmith, whose *Dig for Pirate Treasure* seems to have provided the material for six out of twenty chapters.

There are some interesting illustrations, but their captions follow the general style of the book. One photograph, captioned "one of the 55 wrecks in Navarino Bay", actually shows divers from the Turkish flag-ship dragged into shallow water during a salvage attempt in 1906, a fact which the author fails to mention. Nor does he seem any better informed concerning the several authentic treasures discovered in recent years, including the 1715 Spanish plate fleet lost off Florida, and a shipload of Mogul silver in Ceylon. These discoveries can be attributed to the vast developments in undersea technology since the end of the Second World War, developments of which Herr Roden seems unaware.

MIDDLE EGYPTIAN

JOHN VAN SETERS: *The Hyksos. A New Investigation*. University Press. £2 8s.

For most of the time known as the Second Intermediate Period, Egypt was ruled perhaps dominated would be a better word by kings known as the Hyksos. The late tradition, preserved by the annalist Manetho, made the Hyksos Semitic invaders who conquered Egypt and who were finally expelled by the princes of Thebes. This tradition was readily accepted in broad outline by historians until fairly recently, but a determined effort has been made since the war to establish more precisely who the Hyksos were, and what they achieved. The trouble is that few actual facts are known about the Hyksos: their surviving monuments are rare and enigmatic. Historians have concentrated on two particular problems: the nature of the Hyksos rule and the identification of their race. The solution of the former problem depends principally on the interpretation of Egyptian documents and monuments; that of the latter on a comparative study of archaeological remains which can be specifically assigned to Hyksos culture in Egypt with contemporary remains found in Syria and Palestine.

John Van Seters, a young American scholar, re-examines these problems, making use of most of the material already worn almost threadbare in the debate, together with important textual evidence recently discovered in Egypt and much new archaeological evidence from western Asia. He divides his investigation into two parts. In the first he examines the archaeological evidence in the context of the Middle Bronze Age cultures of Syria and Palestine. This section is fairly comprehensive, and fruitful. In the second part he discusses the Hyksos rule in Egypt. He believes that *Hyksos* is a term to be applied only to those rulers of Asiatic origin who assumed control in Egypt after the collapse of the Middle Kingdom; he maintains that they were Amorite, not Hurrian, and that only one dynasty should be recognized, of which only two kings can certainly be identified so far: Khyan and Apophis (who is credited with the three prenomens formerly assigned to him). He makes the *Admonitions of Ipuwer* a composition of the Second Intermediate Period, and he strongly advocates the locating of the Hyksos capital of Avaris at Qantir.

Few of these ideas are wholly new, but they are all put forward with

great confidence. There is a Ukrainian worker, writing to the *Kommunisticheskaya Pravda* in 1956, who complained that his workmates were denying him to have his child baptized because it was a "true Russian" can only be second part of one of many that are effectively sources to build up his panorama of the long section on *Christians in Contemporary Russia*; and it is a valuable reminder that not only despite, but even (in some degree at least) because of their environment. The quest for a holy Russia has not been abandoned.

Most Russian Christians belong to the Orthodox Church and this is the Church to which Mr. Struve justifiably devotes most of his attention. Indeed, he might well have used the term "Orthodox" in his title: the inclusion of two brief chapters on "Schismatics and Sects" and on "Neighbouring Churches" — too polemical to be of real use, and certainly no match for comparable chapters in Kolarz's *Religion in the Soviet Union* — does not fully justify the title.

Five introductory chapters give an outline sketch of Russian church history from the tenth century to the early 1960s. Some background knowledge by his information is certainly needed for a work of this type, though without due consideration of the arguments themselves. Mr. Struve does not attempt to add anything fresh to our understanding of the general flow of the Russian church history. Only the occasional comment leads one to change from his own certain interesting parallels between the pre-revolutionary and the present Church-State situations, the lucidity of expository parallels that still await their qualified interpreter. However, Mr. Struve's principal

book is the best general guide to the Hyksos to have appeared in years. It properly concludes now generally by historians to appreciate the formative influence of the theological outlook of Mr. Van Seters is right. D. Maurice is a misleadingly to have read him in one's youth, perhaps ought to be read to him in so in its use, but it would be a pity to expect this to be a useful, and with some surprise, how is too useful to throw away. Maurice, was not easy reading. Dr. Maurice quotes C. F. G. Masterman, comparing him unfavourably with Newman, Church, Ruskin and Carlyle, and so far as style is concerned he would not argue about the first of these models for any writer; the second pair models for anyone. The book with Maurice was that, like

ROMAN AFRICAN

The Buried City. Excavations at Leptis Magna. Introduction by Claudio M. Banti. Descriptive texts by Enzo Caltarell and Giacomo Caputo. Translated from the Italian by David Ridgway. Photographs by Fabrizio Caltarell. Weldonfeld and Nicolson. £5 5s.

Leptis Magna, one of the half-dozen great archaeological sites of classical antiquity, is in detail still the least familiar. Fifteen years of extensive pre-war excavation and a decade of large-scale clearance since the war have exposed the outlines and, miraculously preserved by the sand-dunes that engulfed them, many of the individual monuments of what in its day was the second city of Roman Africa. Even before the war, however, excavation had long outrun publication, and in 1961 this situation was aggravated by the premature death of Ernesto Vergara Caffarelli at the end of ten active years as Director of Antiquities for the Libyan government. The present volume, an annotated picture-book compiled around the photographs taken by the artist and critic Fabrizio Caltarelli, is no substitute for the account of his own work which Vergara Caffarelli might have written; nor indeed is it, as the preface claims, the first book to give an overall picture of the monuments of Leptis. Denys Haynes's little *Antiquities of Tripolitania* (which is unaccountably omitted from the bibliography) still offers a better balanced and more reliable account of all but the most recent work. But the photographs, an agreeable combination of the factual and the romantic, are a sensitive reflection of what the alert visitor may expect to see; and the plans of the main excavated groups of monuments, some of them unpublished, are a welcome addition.

The best part of the text is the introduction, a characteristically stimulating essay by Professor

CHRISTIANS AS COMMUNISTS

NIKITA STRUVE: *Christians in Contemporary Russia*. Translated by L. Sheppard and A. Manson. 464pp. Harvill Press. £2 10s.

concern is the Orthodox Church of the 1950s and early 1960s, the period during which the 1943 concordat between Church and State was at first grudgingly adhered to by the State and then thrown overboard in many of its essentials in the years of Khrushchev's ascendancy.

The situation is described in some detail, with copious references to such periodicals as the *Journal of the Moscow Patriarchate* and *Nauka i Religia* (Science and Religion—the Soviet atheist movement's monthly), as well as to Western tourists' reports and, occasionally, to private letters and appeals from Soviet sources.

For several years Mr. Struve has been collecting and collating such material for the *Messenger* of the Russian SCM in Paris, and here he presents the summary of his findings. His method—essentially a krenlinological one of reading between the lines—is really the only one open to a non-Soviet scholar in this field, the primary documentation for which is almost entirely inaccessible. All the more valuable, then, are the supplementary quotations from the private correspondence and the tourists' accounts, the sensitivity of some of which permits one to gain a vivid insight into the lives of Russian Christians. Such figures as the elderly couple who take their stand in the wintry streets of Moscow and risk ridicule and abuse in order to call to passers-by "Wednesday is Christmas Day" remain firmly impressed on one's mind. The chapter on "The People of God", of which such portraits are an important part, is particularly valuable; and the final chapter, which deals with the persecutions of the years since 1959, is also to be welcomed as one of the

few reliable descriptions of this period at present available. This is not to say that Mr. Struve is at all times reliable. He has a certain weakness for secretiveness (which is not only the consequence of safeguarding confidences). A footnote reference to "an unpublished document" otherwise in no way identified—may, perhaps, be tolerated, though it is not clear whether it is intended to help or impress the reader. Less readily acceptable is the assertion that "from sources that are completely reliable but which we must be forgiven for not stating more clearly, it can be stated that [Metropolitan Nicholas of Krutitsa] was not only dismissed... but, without doubt, was assassinated". If one is not reading carefully one might miss Mr. Struve's innocent disclaimer three pages later to the effect that "it is true, of course, that the disturbing facts just mentioned are presumptive evidence and not proof that Mgr. Nicholas was murdered". The Metropolitan's disgrace and subsequent death in isolation in the Bolshoi hospital in December, 1961, were indeed disturbing; but one would hesitate to describe the material presented by Mr. Struve even as presumptive evidence for a murder. At best, he is recounting a rumour, the uncorroborated exploitation of which diminishes one's respect for his methods.

Christians in Contemporary Russia is an English edition of *Les Chrétiens en URSS* which first appeared in 1963 (hence the references to forty-five years of Soviet rule). The English edition is slightly adapted to bring it more up to date, and its format and presentation are altogether superior to that of the

CHRISTIAN AS SOCIALIST

LEC R. VIDLER: *F. D. Maurice and Company*. Nineteenth Century Studies. 287pp. SCM Press. 30s.

most theologians, he never seems to have given a thought to his readers, so that it is possible to wonder what the Quaker, if there was a real one, to whom *The Kingdom of Christ* was directed made of it when he found it in his post. But youth can read almost anything, and that is the time for Maurice.

He belonged to no ecclesiastical school, and therefore in an age when party feeling ran very high almost everyone quarrelled with him. No theological label could stick to him because his theology was peculiarly whole. That consideration is enough to prompt the wish that some of the men who today rush so easily into

print to express their limited points of view would read this book and then turn to Maurice himself. This comes out clearly when Dr. Vidler considers him as a Christian Socialist, which is how he figures in almost every survey of the period. His socialism was simply part of his total theology, the outcome of his view of God and the complete Gospel. His Working Men's College deserves much more attention than it usually gets in an age which imagines that it is the first to discover that Christianity ought to mean something in the real world. Maurice's view of human life is worth a backward glance.

So too are his controversies. What today we should call his mental framework may not be exactly ours, but all his controversies were about things that still matter, and he argued from a total point of view and with real ground under his feet. His argu-

ment with Professor Mansell, even though much of it is water that has long ago gone under the bridge, reads at times as though it were a contribution to some of our current debates. Maurice was much nearer being right than Mansell. The same thing is true about his trouble at King's College, and the amount of sympathy that reached him is a surprising testimony to the Christian awareness of that age. There was an excitement about him which was far from "Victorian".

The book is a fresh edition of the Hale Lectures which were first published in 1948, with the addition of five studies of men who showed something of Maurice's influence. The republication is worth while, for Maurice is one of the big names, and Dr. Vidler has read him very thoroughly.

NORTHERN RECUSANTS

HUGH AVELING: *Northern Catholics*. The Catholic Recusants of the North Riding of Yorkshire 1558-1790. 477pp. Geoffrey Chapman. £3 3s.

The increasing number of studies in the regional history of the Reformation in England is greatly to be welcomed. In the study of the sixteenth century, historians' generalization have become top-heavy, and there is no doubt that a full, detailed investigation of the facts, county by county, will have surprising and instructive results. Of such regional investigations recent studies in the Catholic recusant communities of the Ridings of Yorkshire are admirable examples of what needs to be done, and though the authors acknowledge their limitations in the richness of available material, much of which has not yet been tapped, they have gone about their work with admirable skill and objectivity.

Fr. Aveling's volume is a first-rate piece of historical writing. It is perhaps in the carefulness and objectivity of the first two chapters that for many readers the main value of his work will lie. Here we see the effect of repression and persecution upon a Christian community in part unprepared and lacking in leadership, yet on the other hand something of the weaknesses of the new machinery of repression, caused by the lesser human links, the existence of

a formidable group of neutral and semi-conformist Catholics, the relative smallness of the uncompromisingly recusant communities. The problem of the "old priest" of Henrician descent, in relation to the new seminary, has often been discussed but it is examined here in the light of concrete examples, rooted in accurate documentation—and above all in relation to the life of the land: the community was rustic and agrarian, and in this surprisingly resembled Lullards. The second chapter, treating the "Heroic Years" 1583-1603, recounts many noble studies, though its thoughts on the relation of the laity to the best kind of clerical leadership may undermine the recent emphasis on the apostolate of the laity.

One of the most interesting sections of the later part of the book deals with Catholic schools on the Continent, and the infiltration back and forth of the more well-to-do Catholics. We get authentic glimpses of a relative isolation on the part of the Catholic community of the North Riding and this after two centuries, was certainly to leave its mark. Protestant and Catholic historians of the sixteenth century have much to learn from this distinguished work.

Spring ISSUE 1967

This issue features ESSAYS by John Crowe Ransom on Randall Jarrell, Gregor Sebban on Eric Voegelin, Murry C. Faulkner on William Faulkner, P.O.E.M.s by Kenneth Fields and Jean Garrigue, FICTION by Shirley Ann Grau, REVIEWS by Russell Kirk on Richard Weaver, John Gardner on recent fiction, N. Scott Momaday on recent criticism; and much more.

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MALTHUSIAN MORES

A PREMIUM ON POPULATION

THE title of a counter-revolutionary tract is normally short. Few except Moral Reformers would now turn for sustenance to the homilies propounded in Wilberforce's *Practical View*, Hannah More's *Village Dialogues* or the pages of the *Anti-Jacobin*, and who but a specialist can even recall one title from the countless literary contributions to the anti-Bolshevik crusade that immediately followed the Russian Revolution? But some products of counter-revolutionary thought have stood the test of time. The techniques employed by these lofty few have been various: the vividness of Burke's *Reflections* derives mainly from the elaboration of its metaphor, *Animal Farm* from the simplicity of its allegory, the *First Essay* of Malthus from a magically compelling formula. But there is a deeper similarity, a first principle common to all of them. Underlying each is a vindication of nature against culture, a seductive appeal to the eternal verities which dwarf and thwart mankind's puniest bid to gain autonomy.

It was undoubtedly the predominance of such a theme that brought unprecedented success in 1798 to the youthful formulations of Robert Malthus. The *First Essay* could not have been better timed. On an ideological plane, the arsenal of counter-revolution was greatly depleted. Whatever the quality of Burke's tirade, it was profoundly defensive. Moreover its definition of liberty was too narrow to carry much conviction outside the enclave of Whig conservatism. As Malthus himself noted,

the advocate for the present order of things, is apt to treat the set of speculative philosophers, either as a set of artful and designing knaves who . . . draw captivating pictures of a happier state of society . . . only to forward their own deep-laid schemes of ambition; or, as wild and mad-headed enthusiasts, whose silly speculations, and absurd paradoxes, are not worthy the attention of any reasonable man.

Malthus's approach was more subtle. In his examination of the views of Godwin and Condorcet on the perfectibility of man, he professed at least to wish as ardently as them "for such happy improvements". But he found himself deterred by an "insurmountable" difficulty. His argument can be summarily stated:

The power of population is indefinitely greater than the power in the earth to produce subsistence for man . . . food is necessary to the existence of man . . . the passion between the sexes is necessary, and will remain nearly in its present state . . . population, when unchecked, increases in a geometrical ratio. Subsistence increases only in arithmetical ratio. This implies a strong and constantly operating check on population from the difficulty of subsistence. This difficulty must fall somewhere; and must necessarily be severely felt by a large portion of mankind . . . this natural inequality of the two powers of population, and of production in the earth, and that great law of our nature which must constantly keep their effects equal, form the great difficulty that to me appears insurmountable in the way to the perfectibility of society.

Malthus's thesis received immediate acclaim. He had argued that all checks to population resolved themselves into misery and vice. Any attempt to redistribute income would be wiped out by an increase in population. Indeed, harsh though the "law" was, Malthus considered its operation to be not only necessary but beneficent. For human progress was inconceivable without it:

had population and food increased in the same ratio, it is probable that man might never have emerged from the savage state . . . It seems, however, every way probable that even the acknowledged difficulties occasioned by the law of population, tend rather to promote than impede the general purpose of Providence. They excite universal exertions, and contribute to that variety of situations, which is so wholly favourable to the growth of the mind . . . evil exists in the world, not to create despair, but activity.

The beauty of the argument was that it was not the ruling class that had ordained such a cruel, inexorable law, but Nature herself. The "law" provided an explanation and

even a justification of mass poverty. Moreover since the operation of the law was effectively beyond human control, human action at most could only provide palliatives to nature's terrible edict. Malthus's only positive suggestion in his *First Essay* was that the old Poor Law put a premium on population without increasing production, and that population pressure might be mitigated by its abolition.

Surprised but gratified by the success of his essay, Malthus produced a much expanded second edition of his work in 1803. Godwin had suggested in an exchange of letters following the publication of the essay that "prudence" might provide a check to population that could not accurately be described either as "misery" or "vice", and in his second edition Malthus claimed to have elaborated the harsh conclusions of the *First Essay*. It was a small concession, and one that had already been developed in embryo at least in the chapter on the operation of preventive checks in England in the first edition. While there was now some hope for the poor who delayed marriage until in a position to support a family, his attitude in other respects hardened. "Dependent poverty ought to be held disgraceful", he wrote, and he added,

a man who is born into a world already possessed, if he cannot get subsistence from his parents on whom he has a just demand, and if the society do not want his labour, has no claim of right to the smallest portion of food, and in fact, has no business to be where he is.

Few spectres haunted the imagination of middle-class England in the nineteenth century more persistently than that of Malthus. The growth of an urban proletariat, recurrent bouts of unemployment and the ever present threat of an increasing pauper class reinforced these fears. The "less eligible" principle of the 1834 New Poor Law was wholeheartedly Malthusian in spirit, although two of its architects, Chadwick and Nassau Senior, did not actually agree with the Malthusian law. Its principles were reaffirmed in the late 1860s with even greater strictness and were not effectively challenged until the Royal Commission on the Poor Law in 1909. It was Malthus, according to Darwin, who supplied the original inspiration for the theory of natural selection. The colonial schemes of Moresworth and Gibbon Wakefield originated as an attempt to avert Malthusian pressures.

The theory was maintained with some modifications by economists from James Mill to Cannan, Edgeworth and Marshall.

Despite anxieties, no direct attempt was made to restrict fertility by legislation in England. Yet, as H. L. Beales has pointed out, the essence of Malthusian social policy was "that there should be no social policy". Malthus would go no farther than to advocate the preaching of moral restraint, viz., the celibate defecation of marriage until economic independence. Harriet Martineau, perhaps his most devout disciple, devoted much of her life to this project, volubly admiring the dire punishments of reckless marriages in her *Illustrations of Political Economy*. But she ruefully confessed in her *History of the Thirty Years Peace* that the middle class seemed more attentive to such considerations than the poor. Her book, which had dealt with the progress of England from 1815 to 1844, ended with the dismal foreboding of a contracting middle class and a rapidly multiplying working class leading to the ultimate swamping of culture and civilization. More independent followers, however, considered that contraception constituted a more realistic solution to population pressure than "moral restraint". Malthus's category of "vice" had its response significantly considered in a form of cheating nature's law. Marriage meant "be fruitful and multiply". It was the necessity of supporting a family that drove man to constant labour. Without this painful spur, cultivation would decline and human progress would come to an end. But Malthus and John Stuart Mill—argued that long deferral of marriage would itself lead to "vice". Moral

restraint, Place confessed, had not deterred him or James Mill or Luxon or Wakefield, all writers on population, from early marriages which had resulted in an aggregate of thirty-six children. Nevertheless, contraception had little more impact on the labouring poor than moral restraint in the first half of the century. It was not until the end of the century that birth control became at all widespread among any but the most advanced section of the working class.

The appeal of Malthus was not restricted to England. Even in France, a country usually cited as an example of under-population, the theory enjoyed a considerable vogue in the first half of the nineteenth century. The law was blessed by J. B. Say who maintained in 1837, "Il faut encourager le peuple à faire des épargnes plutôt que des enfants". His words were re-echoed in the directives sent out by the prefects of départements, striving that in the case of the poor, every effort should be made to ensure that their industry should be more productive than their marriages. But it was Germany that experienced the most extreme form of Malthusian coercion. The first German translation of Malthus appeared in 1807, and met, as David Glass has shown, with almost immediate acceptance. Indeed one enthusiast even suggested that poor unmarried bachelors should be forcibly equipped with chastity belts which might only be unlocked on the attainment of economic independence and the ability to maintain a family. This proposal was ridiculed, but proposals only a shade less extreme became embodied in legislation.

The economist Robert von Mohl suggested that the state, if necessary, should prohibit marriages under thirty, refuse the right of marriage to those who might not be able to support a family, restrict the fragmentation of estates and assist the compulsory emigration of the "surplus" population. Such policies became more understandable when seen against the background of an agricultural crisis. Peasants still burdened by feudal levies cultivated the smaller plots. Only in good years could they live above subsistence level. Fearing a revolution of the landless, local assemblies in Bavaria, Württemberg, Austria, Hanover and other German states acted with draconian vigour. In the 1820s and 1830s a spate of legislation was enacted making marriage dependent upon the consent of the local community and dependent upon good morals, prospects, and sometimes upon the possession of property. These restrictions remained in force generally until 1868, and in some cases until after the First World War. Revolution was averted, but nature took her own revenge in the form of record rates of illegitimacy.

The success of Malthus, however, can only really be understood against a backdrop of latent pessimism which was behind the whole corpus of economic liberalism. The problem of the scarcity of resources formed the matrix of Hobbes's *Leviathan*. It was because of the miserliness of nature that one man could only gain possessions at the expense of another. Locke had also noted that the fruits of nature were "not increasing in proportion with what man need or covet". But this was not typical of Locke's thought. In general from the time of the Glorious Revolution to the "September massacres" the battle of wits between man and nature was regarded with optimism. The world was thought both to be spacious and copious. Most writers, if they discussed population, dwelt on the dangers of underpopulation rather than its excess. It was Malthus who transformed the contest between man and nature from a light-hearted sparring match into a struggle to the death. In other words, as Talcott Parsons has written, Malthus "drastically re-natured" the Hobbesian problem. Nature's "unseen hand" acquired a more sinister aspect for it decreed that man's passions should be perpetually at war with his reason. The emergence of liberal philosophy with its political economy, as Sheldon S. Wolin has pointed

out, confirmed the picture of man's impending doom. The level was fixed and the law of diminishing returns completed the melancholy trial of man's impotence. While the French Revolution demonstrated the fragility of civil society, the stark process of industrialization testified to the dehumanization between man and nature. According to J. S. Mill, who believed that the combination of the law of diminishing returns and the law of population would lead to the "stationary state" and a class struggle for scarce goods, nature punishes man, beats him as it on the wheel, casts him to decay, and has humbled at other hideous deaths in reserve, such as the ingenious cruelty of a Nabab or a Domitian never surpassed.

Darwin's portrayal of nature as a struggle both perpetuated and replenished the bleak vision of the "dismal science".

It was because Malthus validated the political conservatism of economic liberalism at a time when its foundations had been shaken by Utopian radicalism that his work made such a dramatic impact. For what Malthus wrote was not wholly original, or proven or particularly consistent, and it is not surprising that the *Essay* provoked a constant barrage of attack from radicals and socialists. For Marx, it was no more than "a school-boyish, superficial plagiary of Defoe, Sir James Stewart, Townsend, Franklin, Wallace, &c., and does not contain a single sentence thought out by himself". But the main attack centred on Malthus's basic postulates. Malthus had only cited one dubious piece of evidence to support his contention that without checks a population doubled itself every twenty-five years. As for the statement that subsistence only increases in arithmetical ratio, Malthus added nothing to support his proposition, although he later appropriated the law of diminishing returns to buttress it. Much of the opposition to Malthus took the form of parody or ridicule, whether it was Cobbett's description of Peter Thimble, the great anti-population philosopher, Proudhon's proposition that "la production s'accroît comme le carré du nombre des travailleurs, alors que la population ne fait que doubler", or Bertrand Russell's later characterization of Malthus as a bigoted and hypocritical person who should have practised what he preached.

On a more serious plane it was pointed out that the arithmetical ratio and the law of diminishing returns could only apply if technology was static. Given technological innovation the Malthusian law was exploded. In other words pressure of population on subsistence depended not upon an immutable law of nature, but upon the social enterprise of men. According to Marx, the phenomenon of "overpopulation" was to be related not to the means of subsistence but to the means of employment. He maintained on the basis of Barton and Ricardo's modifications to Smith's theory of the relation of labour to the accumulation of capital that

the theory of population was overturned by this . . . In particular the empty assertion . . . to the effect that the workers must strive to keep their rate of reproduction below that of the accumulation of capital. It follows on the contrary . . . that such a restriction on the reproduction of the working population, because of the decrease in the supply of labour and the consequent rise in the price, would only speed up the employment of machinery, the transformation of creating capital into fixed capital, and would therefore artificially create a surplus population, a surplus which is usually caused not by a lack of means of subsistence but by a lack of means for the employment of the workers, a lack of demand for labour.

Moreover there were some serious inconsistencies in Malthus's argument. Nassau Senior argued from history against Malthus that "there is a natural tendency in subsistence to increase in greater ratio than population". Malthus replied to this as late as 1828, that the reason for this tendency was the operation of war and disease. But what about moral restraint? If, as Malthus contended, actual passion was stronger than desire for social betterment, it was difficult to see what place this proposition could have in his system. In fact, from the *First Essay* onwards,

Malthus spent much of his life in a bank, who said in 1849 that "God will defer marriage, and the artificers". He was describing the form of check on population and vice that existed in the Great Society. As David Forster, Ewbank is not to be found in the admirably documented, Reingold's admirable book, but implicitly states that the typically American obsession with the relative advantages of agriculture over theoretical science is to be expected to exercise a check on population. Malthus's higher standard of living, as believers in Malthus tacitly acknowledged, and although industrial revolution present collection of documents reinforces his thesis on the argument. First, the whole, it also provides a few exceptions to the rule. But there are scores more widespread than the historical truths to be by cheapening the price of raw materials that few of its items have been changed in the past century. Through previous letters and other biographical material the reader is introduced to the private lives, achievements, and law encouraged a vigorous scientific community, struggling for recognition in the world at large.

The steady march of professionalization, the roles of the army and navy and the rise of American science, and admit that his "law" of the relationship of science to high technology is all brought out well; but only valuable things there is an undertone of self-loathing passages, which are as characteristic of American as the Stars and Stripes. Malthus's later work, the roles of the army and navy and the rise of American science, and admit that his "law" of the relationship of science to high technology is all brought out well; but only valuable things there is an undertone of self-loathing passages, which are as characteristic of American as the Stars and Stripes.

In the twentieth century, one might almost say that the west at least, the Malthusian law is necessary reading, if not sufficient. Keynes thought, for anyone wishing to understand the world, "profoundly a good contemporary American book. This is, however, essentially marked 'by an immense source-book of past American history and public life'. It is not in itself a history, but a collection of essays, each of which, though the editorial connecting past played little part in the writing, with a unity which many historians expanding population pressure to maintain the demand for food, and the law of diminishing returns, Malthus's law has been developed world. Malthus's law has been developed world. Malthus's law has been developed world.

PLEASURE POEMS
JAN MORRIS: *Where's that Poem?* An Index of Poems for Children. 100pp. Oxford: Blackwell. 25s.

The several ways of classifying Mrs. Morris, Cambridge University Press, with a very secondary regard to the poet. Her guide for those who would like to read under such titles as "Gipsies, Whaling, Robins, Animals Fantastic" (see also *Tell!*) with a cryptic reference to "location whereby OX.V.I. and Peg are found to stand in the way of the Oxford Books for Juniors, *The Pattern of the Pattern*, and five volumes of *Pegasus*, carry out the system comprehensively. Mrs. Morris makes a claim to be a lifetime. Mrs. Morris makes a claim to be a lifetime. Mrs. Morris makes a claim to be a lifetime.

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REGIMENT
Godfrey in collaboration with R. F. C. Goldsmith: *The History of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry 1939-45*. 437pp. Historical Society Committee. 25s.

ber 1, 1939, had a stormy time of it on the Maginot Line and was taken off from Dunkirk after a very much worse one.

The 4th Battalion, after admirable service in north-west Africa, was involved in one of the most unpleasant tasks to which soldiers can be allotted, especially when the country involved has been a brave and faithful ally—intervention in Greece when the communist E.L.A.G. (The Greek People's Liberation Army) revolted against the Government. How greatly the Second World War differed from the First is shown by the fact that, out of a fluctuating but considerable number of battalions, only three saw fighting. Major Godfrey is to be commended for his thorough work and his recording of detail which is most important in a regiment's annals. Major-General Goldsmith served with it in the war.

CAROLS

Der Stern der tie leuken. Alto englische Lieder und Hymnen. Deutsch von Erich Fried. 149pp. Munich: Carl Hanser. DM. 14.80.

Carols are among the most characteristic elements in our national poetic heritage; moreover, they are known to and sung by all English people, at least on one day in the year, I think, himself a poet, has collected some sixty, and presented them in an attractive modern translation (avoiding those archaisms to which German writers so often succumb in this kind of context), accompanied by some forty woodcuts from early printed books (mainly from the presses of Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde) in the British Museum. The subtitle indicates that "carol" is to be understood in the widest sense, to include those sung from Christmas to Epiphany, whether based on biblical or apocryphal sources (the Cherry Tree Carol, secular festive songs (the Boar's Head Carol), children's rhymes and ditties, Christmas scenes from the cycle of York mystery plays, and *Kunstlieder* by later poets (Spenser, Southwell, Donne and Milton), which have since become popular.

It seems ungenerous to criticize this attractive and graceful little book; but two things may be said. First, many of the versions are rhythmically so close to the English that they could be sung to the traditional melodies; none are however given. But where there are such traditional links, do carols consist in words or words with constant melodic associations? Is there not a kind of symbiosis of sound and sense which contributes powerfully to our acceptance of the simple and naive turns of phrase and the outlook which underlies these? Will the German reader take the same pleasure in the bare bones of the text? Secondly, though much research has gone into the establishing and selection of the texts (see the translator's preface), the reader is given no indication of specific sources, or the titles or first lines of the English texts, or anything which will arouse the legitimate curiosity assuaged by this intriguing collection.

MILITANT

Salute the Soldier. An Anthology of Quotations, Poems and Prose. Edited by Eric Wheeler Bush. 435pp. Allen and Unwin. £2.12s. 6d.

Captain Bush, who some years ago performed a similar office for the Silent Service, has here compiled a massive collection of quotations extolling the soldier and soldierly virtues. He ranges far and wide through the literature of many languages and the history of more than two millennia, from Ecclesiasticus, Livy, Theocritus, down to Wavell, Winston Churchill and Keith Douglas. Indeed his net is thrown so wide and his margin of definition is so indistinct as to include Dr. Johnson's quoted death-bed declaration, "I will be conquered, I will not capitulate". (No soldier he, pace John Buchan's *Midwinter*.) There is even room for a quotation from Adolf Hitler, referring to the First World War. Since this is an anthology, it is perhaps not surprising that, coming into our own century, there is more, for instance, from A. E. Housman than there is from soldier-

poets like Siegfried Sassoon and Wilfrid Owen. Satire has no place here. But Captain Bush must be commended for the scope and thoroughness he has applied to the construction of an indispensable bedside book for all retired officers of field rank, whether Regular or Territorial. Somehow one feels the other ranks might regard it as a rather ponderous piece of recruiting propaganda.

GARDENS

JULIA S. BERRALL: *The Garden. An Illustrated History from Ancient Egypt to the Present Day*. 388pp. Thames and Hudson. £5.5s.

Anyone who is in the habit of reading modern books on gardens and gardening is apt to become weary of the four-guinea-upwards lavishly illustrated productions which appear so frequently nowadays. In most of these the text is unimportant (and usually inaccurate) and merely serves to string together a quantity of dazzling colour photographs or full-page illustrations.

Mrs. Berrall's book is emphatically not one of these: it is a very superior piece of work, and the text is well able to stand on its own apart from the illustrations. The author's research has been thorough and careful, and she has gone out of her way to unearth unfamiliar descriptions of gardens and to give unacknowledged quotations whenever possible. The result is an absorbing and scholarly study of the history of the garden, its uses, its development, its national and climatic characteristics, and its relation to historical events and the evolution of ideas.

The chapter on American gardens is particularly interesting, perhaps partly because to an English reader the gardens of America are less familiar than those of Europe, but also because the American garden was so directly influenced by English ideas. The adaptation of English traditions to the needs of a pioneer people in a new continent eventually produced several distinctive styles of gardening, which can be traced through colonial times up to the present day.

The black-and-white illustrations are of high quality, and also are the full-page colour plates, but alas, most of the colour photographs have that all too familiar picture-book falsification of natural colour which seems to belie much colour photography. However, this is a minor complaint, and there is a great deal else to interest and delight the reader in this excellent production.

CHIN. LIT.

LIU WU-CHEN: *An Introduction to Chinese Literature*. 321pp. Indiana University Press (American University Publishers Group). £5.

It is difficult to do justice to a literary tradition of 2,000 years in a single volume, yet this book deals with all the principal writers and genres, and contains, besides, some interesting insights into Chinese and Western cultures. It is also unusual, among Chinese literary histories of its kind, for the space devoted to drama and the novel, and to twentieth-century literature. Popular writing of this sort, in the vernacular, by Confucian critics, and thus these sections are relatively free from Confucian dogma. This makes them the most valuable parts of a book otherwise marred by these traditional assumptions. There is a place for the overtly Confucian account of the Chinese literary tradition, if only for historical interest, but here Confucian fiction is found side by side with scholarly fact, and no attempt is made by the author to reconcile the resulting discrepancies.

ANGLO-JEWRY

Remember the Days. Edited by John M. Shafteley. Essays on Anglo-Jewish History presented to Cecil Roth by members of the Council of The Jewish Historical Society of England. 401pp. The Jewish Historical Society of England. £2.2s.

Remember the Days. Edited by John M. Shafteley. Essays on Anglo-Jewish History presented to Cecil Roth by members of the Council of The Jewish Historical Society of England. 401pp. The Jewish Historical Society of England. £2.2s.

Dr. Cecil Roth, formerly Reader in Post-Biblical Jewish Studies at Oxford, and now resident in Israel, is the doyen of Anglo-Jewish historians. His colleagues on the Council

of the Jewish Historical Society, whom he guided and inspired for more than forty years, have written this book of essays in his honour, and appropriately their contributions cover the whole field which he has so brilliantly cultivated. Some of the papers illustrate medieval Jewish life before the expulsion of the Jews from the Kingdom. Others are concerned with the development of the community during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the period of emancipation. There are noteworthy biographies of the Rt. Hon. Arthur Cohen, the eminent leader of the Bar, who was also a representative spokesman for his people; and of the remarkable family of Polgrave, the father—formerly Cohen—and his four diversely distinguished sons, who included the editor of the *Golden Treasury of English Poetry*.

The librarian of the Mocatta Library in University College London tells the history of the library, which is the treasure-house of Anglo-Jewish records and, after suffering grievous destruction in the Blitz in 1940, has risen phoenix-like and been almost completely restored. Finally Dr. Oskar Rabinowicz compiles a formidable bibliography of Roth's books and articles from 1920 to 1966. The papers are accompanied by learned notes, and the book has been carefully edited by the former editor of the *Jewish Chronicle*. It is a worthy tribute to a prolific scholar, and also a valuable contribution to Jewish and English history.

MATHEMATICAL

MALCOLM S. GREGORY: *Linear Framed Structures*. 340pp. Longmans. £3.3s.

Linear Framed Structures devotes 340 pages to a detailed discussion of some of the available methods for analysing linear framed structures. The approach is avowedly to prepare the reader for the use of automatic computers, but these are only specifically considered in a brief chapter at the end. The text assumes that the reader has some knowledge of elementary structural mechanics and of matrix algebra, and then goes on to analyse innumerable arithmetic examples of elementary linear framed structures by a variety of methods.

Since the author has devoted so many pages to what is at the level at which he is writing, a fairly limited topic, the book is presumably intended for a particular group of readers. The difficulty is to decide which group. The undergraduate will be defeated by the author's determination to do every and cross every *t*, so that he will be unable to see the underlying pattern. The advanced student will be bored by the enormous length used to present a very limited number of ideas. Both groups can get much better value from some of the excellent paperbacks on structural theory which have been published recently. The practising engineer will have developed his own more sophisticated methods of analysis appropriate to his own problems, and will find little stimulating here. There remains one group to whom the book can be warmly recommended: the teacher or examiner seeking worked examples will find it invaluable.

PROBLEMATICAL

SISIR GUPTA: *Kashmir. A Study in India-Pakistan Relations*. 511pp. Issued under the auspices of the Indian Council of World Affairs. Asia Publishing House. £3.10s.

The author of this book is at present Research Secretary at the Indian Council of World Affairs—a post for which both his academic distinction and varied experience in the international field obviously fit him. It is not easy for an Indian, however impartial his approach, to discuss in great detail and without bias the thorny problem of Kashmir, which has both shaped and been shaped by the general course of Indo-Pakistani relations; but it must be said at once that Mr. Gupta writes with studied fairness. He states the case for each country as clearly as possible; and his natural sympathy for the Indian side does not prevent him from expounding Pakistani arguments fully and fairly.

But even Mr. Gupta, for example, for all his industry, does not distinguish clearly between the deployment of Pakistani regular forces in Kashmir and the existence, in that territory, of the formidable Azad Kashmiri divisions, largely composed of seasoned soldiers from the old British Indian Army. Since New Delhi made exactly the same mistake, and assumed that the withdrawal of Pakistani forces would solve the whole problem, Mr. Gupta errs in good company. Yet to do this is to miss one of the principal reasons for the failure by India to fulfil undertakings given to the Security Council. The great merit of Mr. Gupta's study is its inherent balance, which is not invalidated by occasional gaps in his knowledge. *Kashmir* is not a work of polemics, but a serious effort to elucidate the complexities of a virtually insoluble problem, which time alone can ease. This, at any rate, seems the only hope.

Miss Settle weathered it and was accepted. She renders it all with

NAGGED TO DEATH

BOOKS RECEIVED

AT THE CROSSROADS

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